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river valleys; indeed it is only by exploring the
dales that you get the full beauty of Yorkshire, & not
the same view, covers the sites of prehistoric & archæological
interest, & the seats of the great modern industries.
We have not space to pass in review the whole of Yorkshire
valley by valley, but may note in detail the lovely
dales of the West-Riding.

The Dales of the West-Riding.

Wharfedale, the valley of the Ure, falls within
the ^{West} West-Riding, but is that loop of the river which
forms the boundary between the North & West-Ridings.
We have two or three centres of interest. - Ripon,
Fountains Abbey, Broughbridge, & Albion; and
where the confluence of the Ure & Wharfe. Ripon, which
has lately made boast of its antiquity in the
by a millenary celebration, is a sober city, whose
claims ^{rather} rest rather on its past than on any
actual interests in the present. The open square
of the Market Place has ~~the look of~~ a pleasant old town
air, & going down Kirkgate, you come in full
view of the beautiful West-Door with its two towers.
Unfortunately, the cathedral is screened in by
narrow streets. That you cannot get a good
view of it from any point in the city, but
^{as seen} from the hills beyond, it is a very noble object.
The fact that while the transcripts are shorter, the nave
is wider than that of most English cathedrals.
Combined with the sombre hue of the stone & the
sparsity of ornament, give an air of height
& severity of outline, such as we find more
commonly in Scotch than in English Cathedral
churches. This cathedral was not built in a day.

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perhaps, with little foundation, not is there any proof
that his mother, Helena, was a British princess. Constantine
remodelled the government of Britain, making
the country subject to the prefect of the Gauls, whose
deputy, with the title of Vicar of Britain, resided at
York. giving the city, at any rate, the dignity of
a vice-regal court. We have little further notice
of York during the Roman period, but it is easy to
fill in the outline with what we know of the dignity
& ceremonial, the luxury & refinement that belonged
to a great Roman city. The Roman remains preserved
in the hospitation of St. Mary's Abbey are very suggestive
of the high state of civilization - tessellated pavements,
fine Samian ware, bronze figures, Roman glass,
personal ornaments, & other domestic utensils, &
more striking, if less suggestive, a Roman Colosseum.

York did not lose its prestige under the
Saxons: it was the capital of Northumbria, & for three
hundred years the seventh century. Northumbria was
the most powerful kingdom in Britain, that of
its kings becoming Bretwaldas. To this period
belongs the history of the conversion of the north by
Bishop Paulinus, the hasty erection of a wooden
church for the baptism of King Edwin, to be replaced
by a stone edifice which the king did not live to
finish. The episcopacy of Wilfrid is not to be forgotten in the annals of York.
In York, as elsewhere, there is little
monumental evidence of the Saxon supremacy, but
throughout the eighth century. York was a place
of literary celebrity, having a school - in which the
learned Alcuin was brought up. renowned throughout
Europe as a place of education; some of the most famous
libraries in Europe. Rightly, & wrongly, the perpetual
incursions of the Danes, towards the end of the
tenth century, we find York a sort of Danish metropolis
a city of 50,000 inhabitants with an aristocracy of Danes
& merchants. With the death of the Emperor, before
the

then, & assembled their forces at Walsby: thence, to
 Durham, where Richard Norton, with sixty followers, marched
 into the Cathedral, carrying the old banner of the
 Pilgrimage of Grace, the cross & the wounds of the
 wounds: here they did away with all evidences of
 the reformed faith, & caused mass to be sung as of
 old. Then followed a progress to Darlington,
 to Ripon, to Knarborough, to Cadcastles. The
 rebels proposed to march to Salisbury, release
 Queen Mary & then to march on London. But
 their plans miscarried, Mary was removed,
 & news of the advance of the Queen's army from
 the south caused the insurgents to disperse
 with little resistance. The punishment was
 pitiless as that which followed the former
 insurrection. Northumberland was taken
 & beheaded in the Pavement at York: four men
 of the leaders suffered death, & of the common
 people, from 600 to 700 were seized in a
 given night & changed without more in the
 various towns through which the insurgents had
 passed. But Norton & his eight-foot sons
 did not suffer. They lost their property
 & the family was ruined, but only one of
 the sons suffered death. Richard Norton
 & his sons Francis & Sampson, escaped to
 Flanders, & little more is known of them.
 Of the next, the third son, Edmund, became the
 ancestor of a noble family. Though not
 pledged to strict historic accuracy, the 'White
 Fox of Knyghton' is a precious illustration
 of Yorkshire in the reign of Edward IV. & the
 scene, because the story is that far important
 event in Yorkshire history, because Yorkshire may

may well be proud when given occasion ²⁹²⁰⁰⁰¹³⁴ to
delicious melody as this, for instance -

"And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God,
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene & slow,
Soft & silent as a dream,
A solitary Do!"

Bolton Abbey was, - not a monastery in the ordinary
sense but, - a collegiate church served by residential
clergy - the Austin Canons, or, more fully, the
Canons Regular of St. Augustine, who filled
some 170 similar ecclesiastical foundations
in the country before the Dissolution. The Austin
Canons were commonly men of birth & fortune.
The Chapter of Bolton Abbey numbered some
fifteen to eighteen canons, with a Prior, a
Sub-Prior, & some 200 dependants, who all
lived right royally on an income not less
than £10,000 a year of our money.

The history of the house is uneventful. In the
year 1190, William de Meschines & Cecilia
his wife ^{in the bar moun of} founded at ² Embsay a priory
for Canons Regular, which continued there
for about 33 years when it was translated to
Bolton. How this exchange came about,
we learn from the romantic legend of the
'Boy of Gremond'. The demesnes of Bolton
were held by the Lady Alix de Normille, &
William Fitz-Duncan, her husband - the same
Scottish baron who had ravaged Craven in 1158,
& afterwards wedded the heiress of William
de Meschines, who continued to be
known by her mother's name, Normille. They had one

1921 (M.C.B.)
before you have a winged, without a tree, or
hardly a tuft of bracken to break the monotony.
Indeed though Wharfedale is the head of the
western group (2,414 ft.), it yields to the other
two giants in point of picturesqueness.

Two or four miles south-east of Ingelton is Clapham,
a charming village at the foot of Ingelborough, & a good
point from which to ascend the mountains, though
not the best point from which to see it. Ingelborough
rises before you a compact conical mass, as you
go from the station to the village. Its outline is
very clearly marked, a cone with a flat top of
millstone grit resting upon a broad table of
limestone rocks. It looks higher than Wharfedale
though the latter has some fifty feet more elevation.
(Ingelborough 2,361 ft.) There is a small camp
on the summit, possibly British, enclosing
the low wall foundations of a circular tower, & other
shaped ancient huts. The limestone
platform on which Ingelborough rests is everywhere
penetrated by caverns, sometimes superficial
openings, as the various 'Pots' & 'Holes' made of
Grate Dale (between Wharfedale & Ingelborough), & sometimes
penetrating into the very heart of the mountain.
Of these the most interesting is Clapham or Ingel-
borough Cave which extends nearly half a mile
into the heart of Ingelborough. The 'Old Cave' is
eighty yards, in has always been known to exist,
but half a century ago, a 'New Cave' of
extraordinary beauty was brought to light. Here
clacemiles & clacemiles are white & glistening
because water is still percolating over, & increasing
increasing their deposits: a narrow passage leads
to the Pillar Hall, where clacemiles & clacemiles

29p22m34

united to form transparent pillars. Then follows a
low passage, the Celler falling, which leads on to
the Giant's head, magnificently adorned with the
glacis. In the Giant's head are two small
holes through which the sound of a rushing stream may
be heard. the waters of which have probably found an
entrance by a deep "pot" on the left side called
Gaping Ghyft.

Norton-in-Ribblesdale, on the other side (the east side),
of Ryedale, is perhaps the best station from
which to get the mountainous aspect - of this
principal group of fells. Norton itself is a quarried
ruin village in the deep of high moorland valley
hemmed in on all sides by mountains.
Turning up a grassy green lane which leads
you to one of those 'gaping holes' which form a
feature of the scenery of this limestone country,
you find yourself, apparently, at the foot of Kettlewell.
Though the mountain is still only six miles off,
light-ragged clouds hang about the summit - which
rises before you, sharp & self. Like, reaching the
valley level by two or three huge noses: the sides
are steep & grassy green except where they are
scooped into straight water(?) courses, or red dirt
beds: from this point, you do not get the curious
fortified appearance common to most of the
limestone hills. Patches of heather grow here & there
in the sunshine, there is some relief, shadowy
depths, bright lights. Now, the head of Kettlewell
is purple, now, wrapped in grey mist, altogether,
it is picturesque & mountainous in aspect,
more so than most of its fellows.
To your left is the magnificent sweeping
curve of Wharfedale, something like a seal's head,
in outline - near enough to the distant whole,
far enough off to show its luminous purple.
Behind is Ingleton, always discernible by the white

n. at any rate, by scattered series of hills. Below is a
 happy valley, a deepy hollow, all the green slopes
 because the valley is narrow & deep, with bounding hills
 are brown at the top - moss, when we were told, 200
 years of plants were bagged yesterday. Professor Sargent
 the father, we may say, of geology, vaccination of dent,
 was much of the old as does not belong to the East of
 Scotland appears with the property of the Sclerotic family.
 The clear brown ^{Dec. - the minor plant} ~~land~~ - runs its way, literally
 through rocks of marl grey; there are marl
 quarries in the valley. The railway, super overhead
 that the passing trains look like 'Playthings of Giants'
 child' does but add to the exclusion of the valley, &
 indeed, this bit of green live is a work of giants,
 shifting, as it does, the mountain brow at
 height of 1200 feet, spanning the valleys with
 colossal viaducts, cutting tunnels ^{hundreds} of miles
 long through the heart of the hills. We are getting
 now into the heart of the picturesque mountain
 region of western Yorkshire, where Wharfedale,
 Ingelborough & Rensghend - hold their own
 amongst the mountains of England. The
 steep stern fell which shuts in the Pentlands
 on the south is the northern shoulder of Wharfedale.

Two other lovely dales entirely enclose
 & isolate ~~the~~ the vast mass of Wharfedale, ^{between} ~~between~~
 on the east & Kingdall ~~on~~ on the west, both
^{with a few below the level of the Gales.}
 back to being fields of the loam. You may make
 the round of the mountain from Engleton -
 a large well. with village with a neighbouring
 colliery & important iron works, but which has, notwithstanding
 a general air of holiday-making - by going up the
 Gales, crossing the moor, returning through
 Kingdall. The lower end of the valley is ^{reared}

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Scoured pretty frequently for the sake of the limestone
it yields, but even here, soft slopes, richly wooded
reach to the water edge: higher, you come upon jagged
picturesque cliffs, not limestone, plainly, & determine
you are on amphibolites of blue slate - a famous
quarry. Here is a very beautiful view of the ravine,
the fantastic rocks drawn together, & the best
seems to rise from the heart of the forest. Over
a towering mass of foliage bridges the opening.
Higher up the valley, you come upon galls, a succession
of ten cascades, none of them of great height,
higher still, in a broader reach of the valley, is
Chapel de Sal, where the Jones lived "Jones &
Daniels for generations," as may be read in Century's
Index. From this secluded village Mathews
Cave may be easily reached - a romantic
cavern with a waterfall 50 feet - but in height
within the cave. The western valley, King's
is hardly less interesting, here are Shannon Falls
- Jordan Cave, with a handsome chamber in
the limestone, & a lesser chamber, - the sleeping
room with view of the giant Jordan. Many
caverns & Pots (circular pits in the
limestone, sometimes, as in the case of
Grig's Pot - 50 feet deep) are to be seen
in this district - due to the causes we have
already indicated.

Beautiful as the scenery of this ^{district} ~~country~~ is, its
beauty is to be seen in detail: but the
prospects are not pure, & the great mountain
masses are not beautiful: it is a mistake
to draw so near to the gigantic masses
of the backbone of the mountains as to see
clear from enclosure, the great masses will
appear